C. M. R. Brooks

Bounding Billows.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Buy a Broom.

Life Let us Cherish.

A Rondeau.

D.C.

D.C.

Quick Step.

D.C.

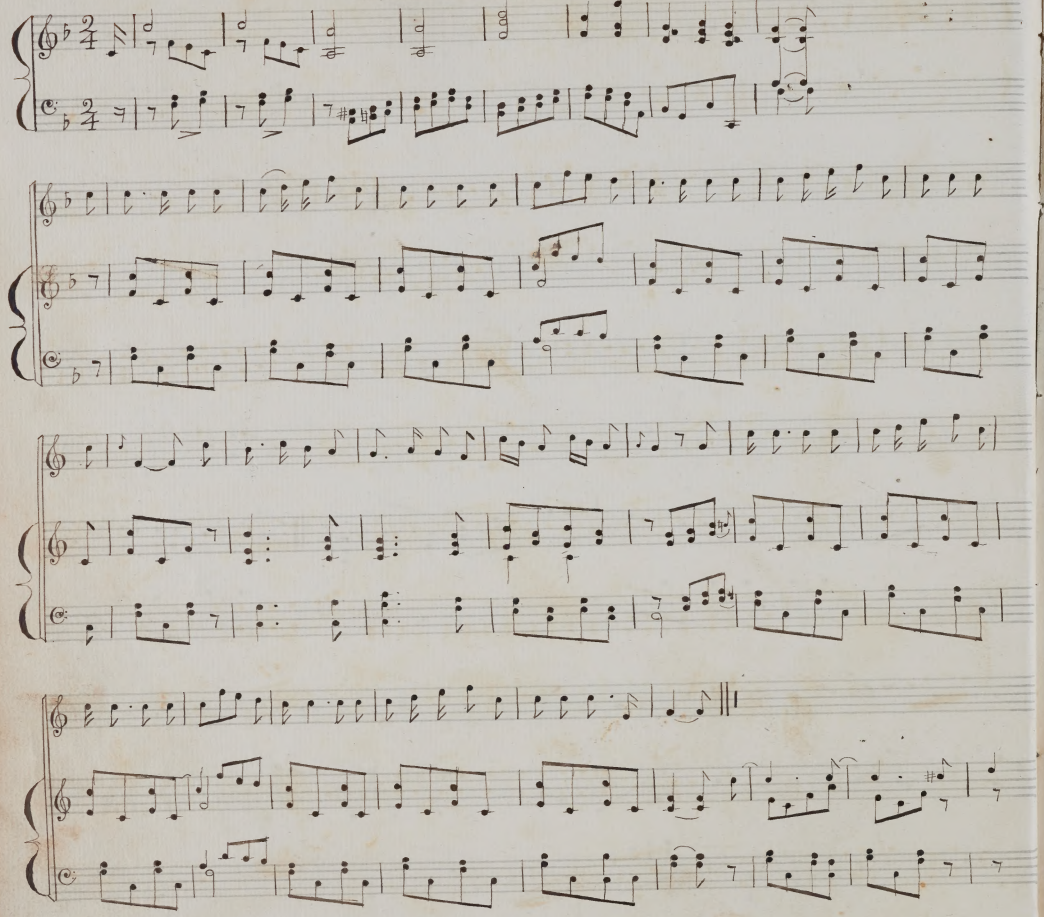
D.C.

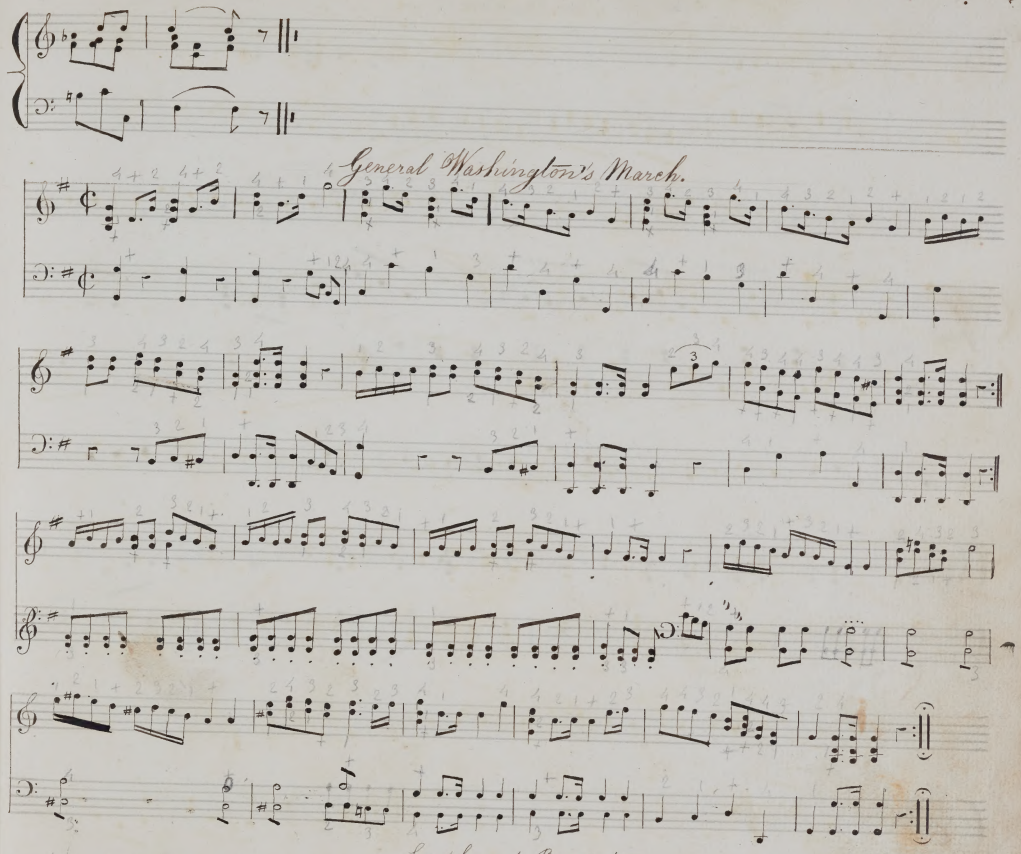
Absence.

I wont be a Nun!

Now is it not a pity

The Bird let loose.





As down in the sunless. Words by T. Moore

Spanish air.

Fine.

ad lib.

D.C.

Kate Kearney

Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kearney, she

lives on the banks of Killarney. From the glances of her eye, shun danger & fly, for fatal's the

glances of Kate Kearney; for she's so modestly beaming, you'd nev-

think of mischief she's dreaming; But oh! I can tell how fatal's the spell, that lurks in the eyes of

Kate Kearney.

Missionary Hymn.

March in the demolition of the Bastile.

Fine

D.C.

Knox's March.

Wha'll be king but Charlie.

There's news from Moidart

mf

came yesterin, wile soon gae mony perlie, for ships of war has just cam in, And landed roy at Charlie. Come through

the Heather, around him gather youie all th welcomes early, Around him cling with all yow kin, For whow'll be king

but Charlie, come through the Heather around him gather, Come Ronald come Donald come all together, And crown

you rightful lawful king, For wha'll be king but Charlie.

Bonaparte's Grand March.

God save the King.

Hours there were.

Hours there were to memory

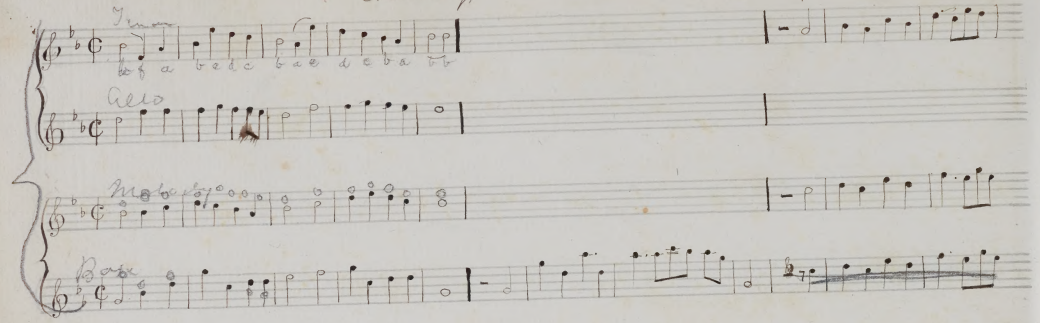
deaner, Than the sun bright scene of day. Friends were fonder, joy, were rarer, But alas! they've flet away; Oh! 'twas

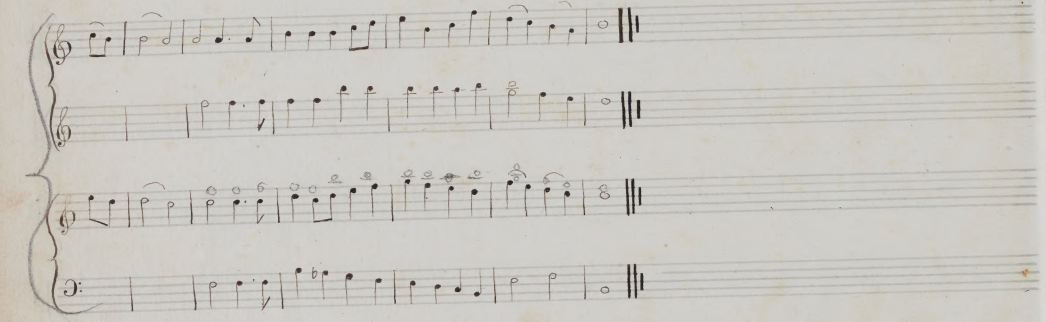
when the moonlight playing, On the valley silent grover Told the blissful hour for straying, With my fond my

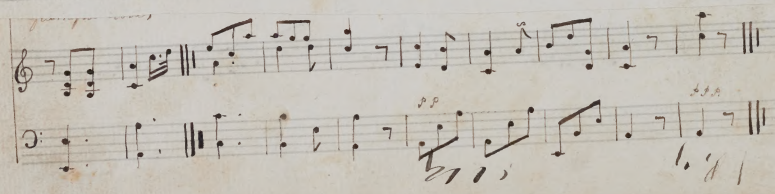
faithful love,

Palestine.

Missionary.

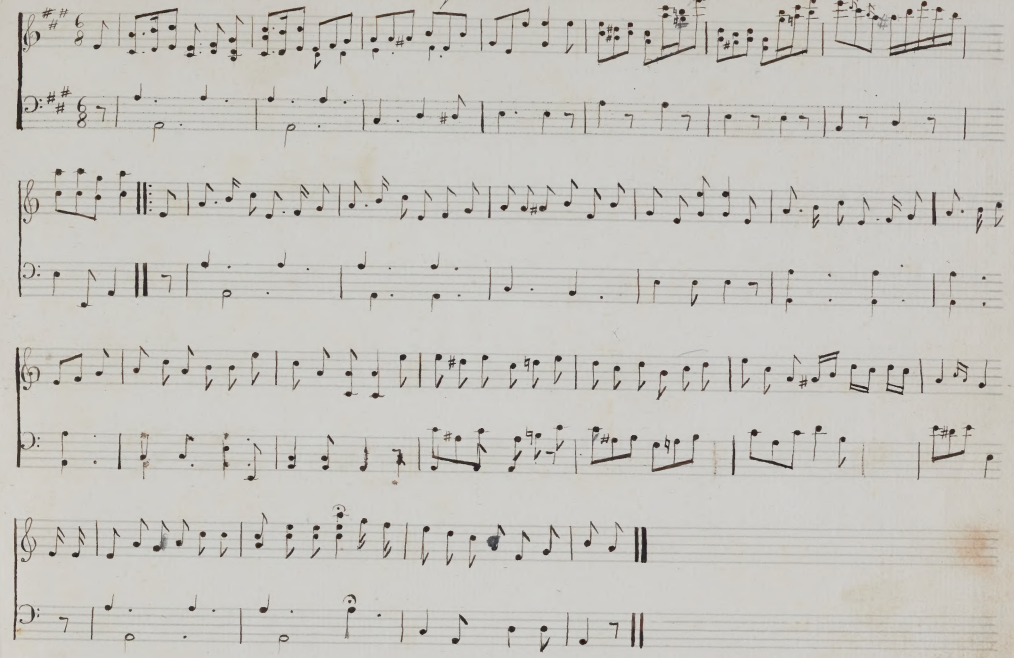




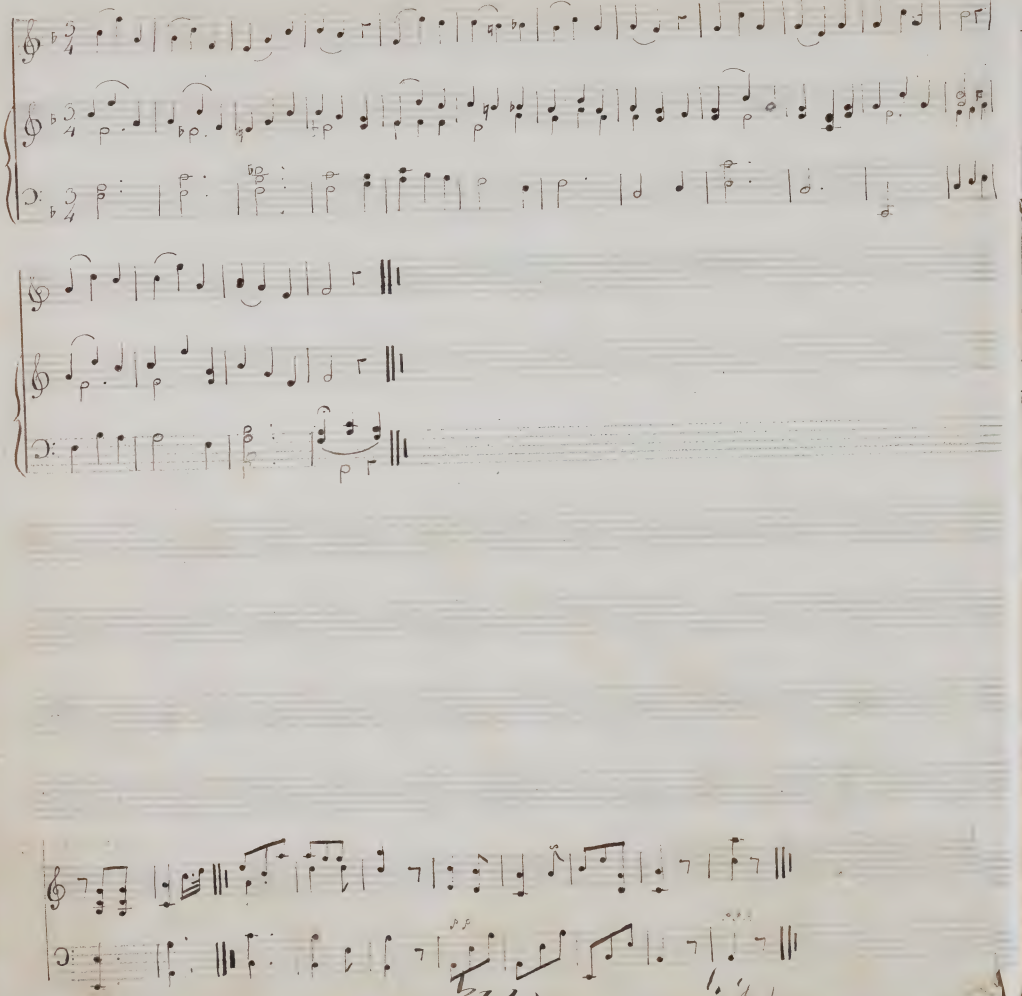


The Light House.

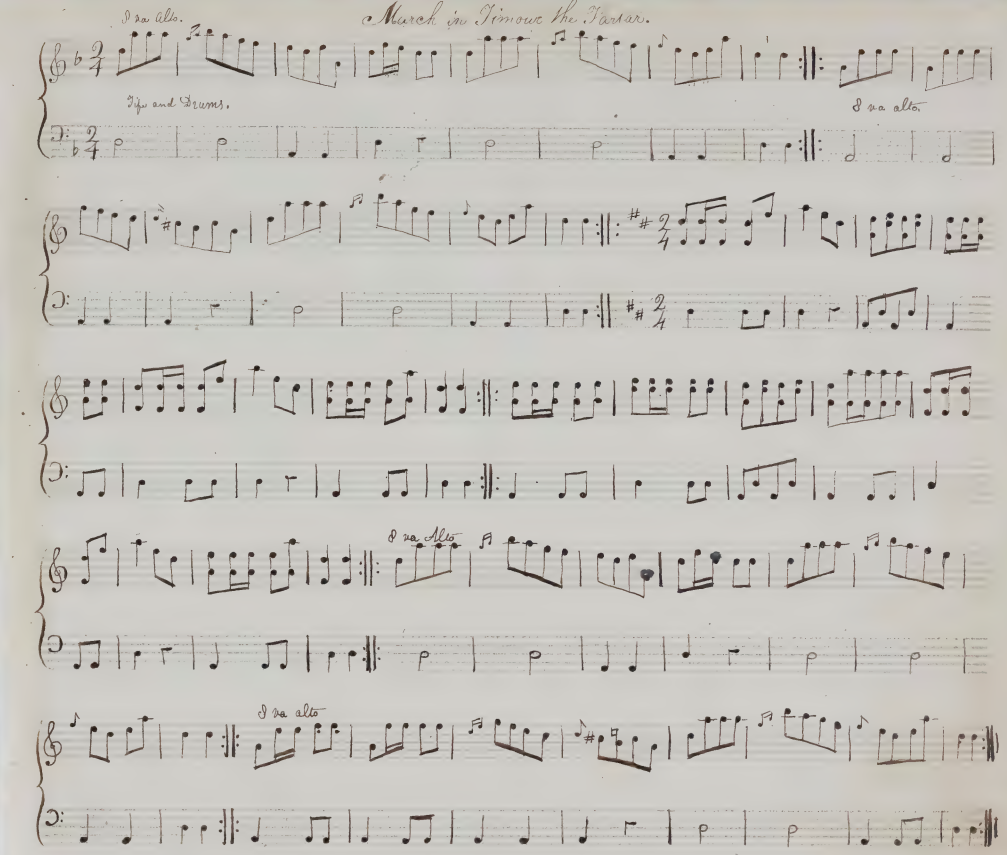
Words by J. Moore



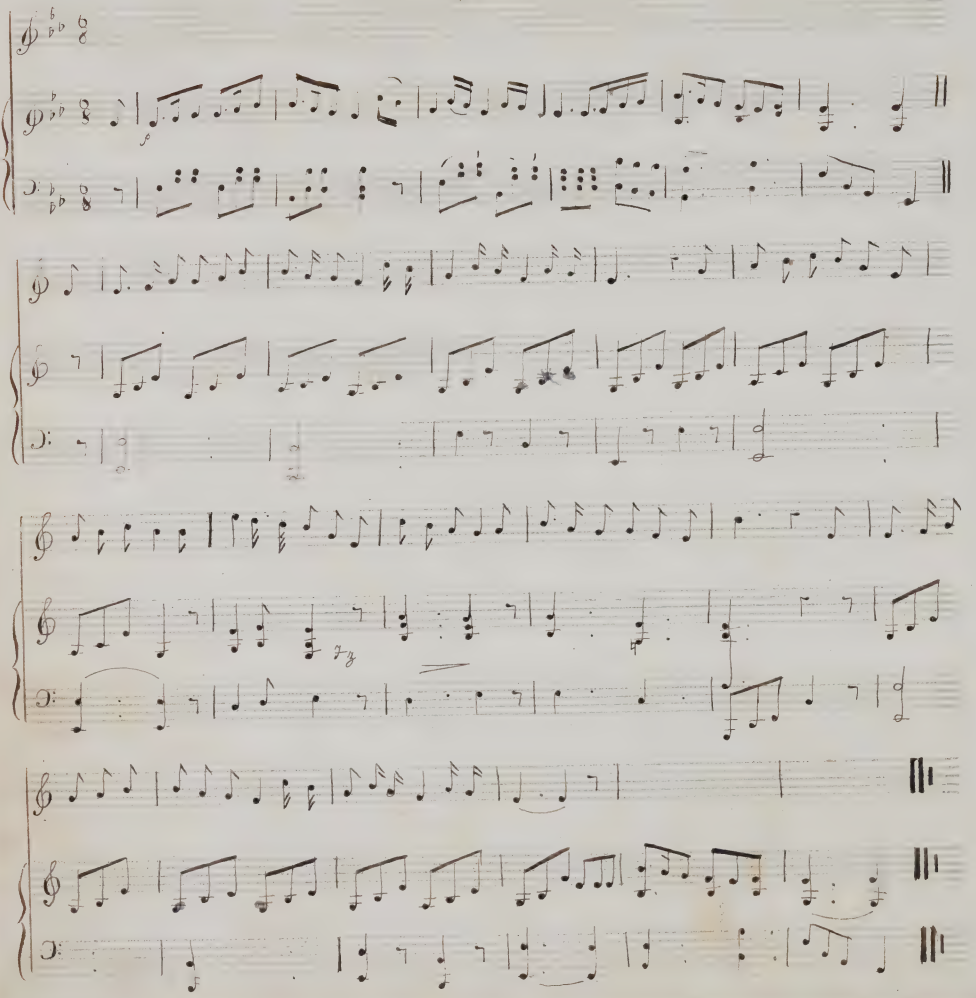
Thou who tracst the desert wild.



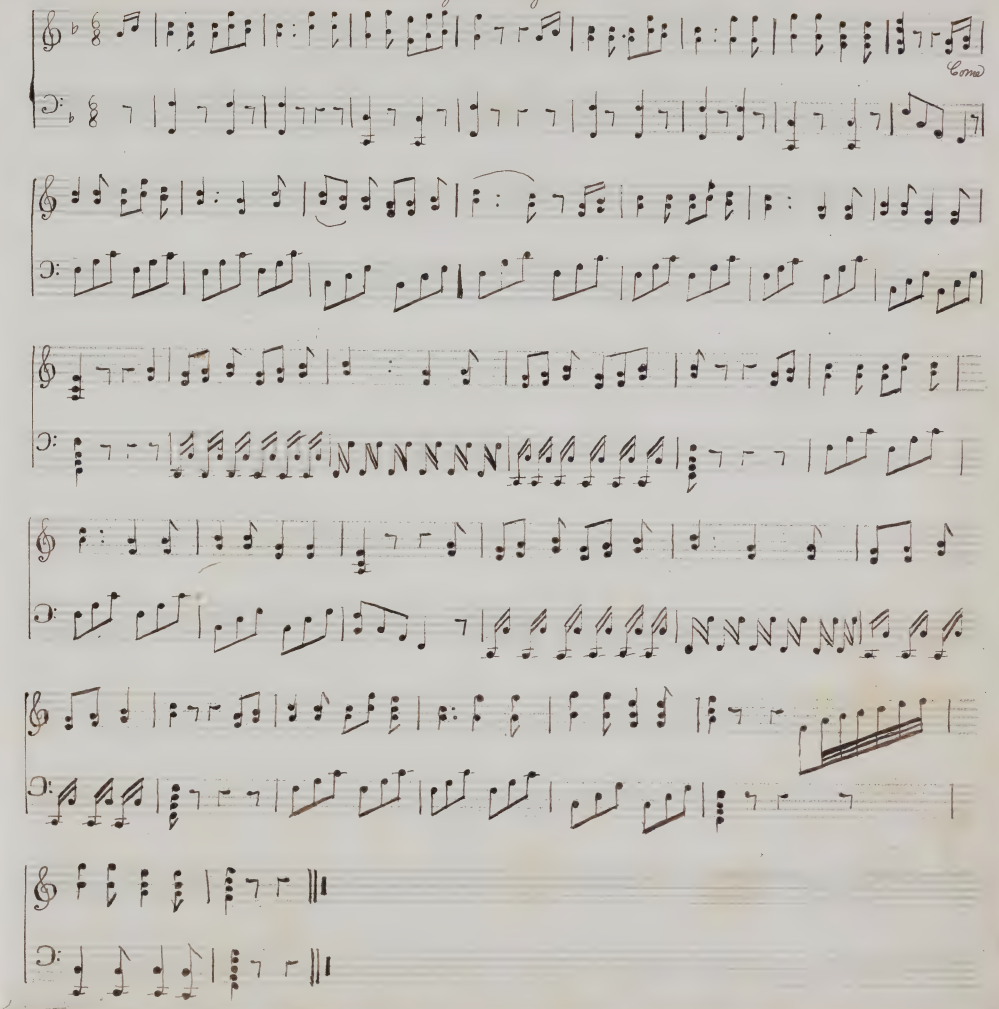
March in Timour the Tartar.



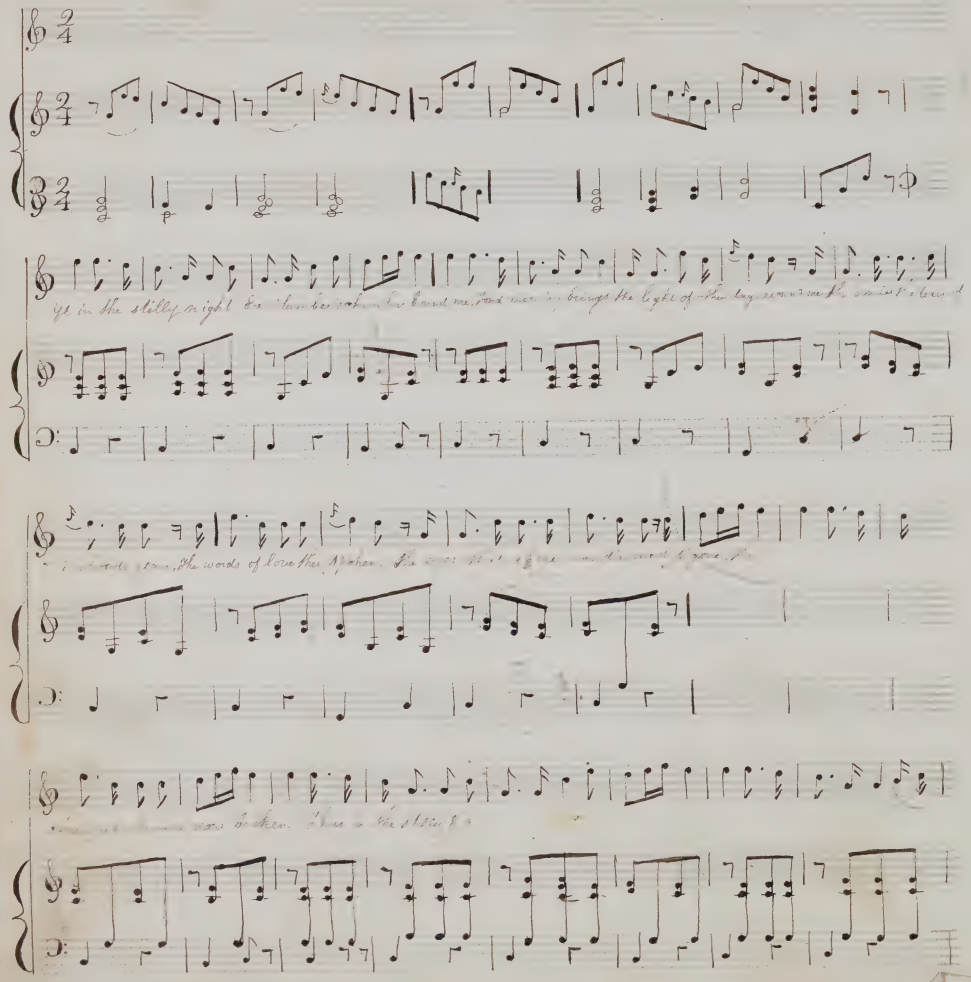
Farewell to my Troops.

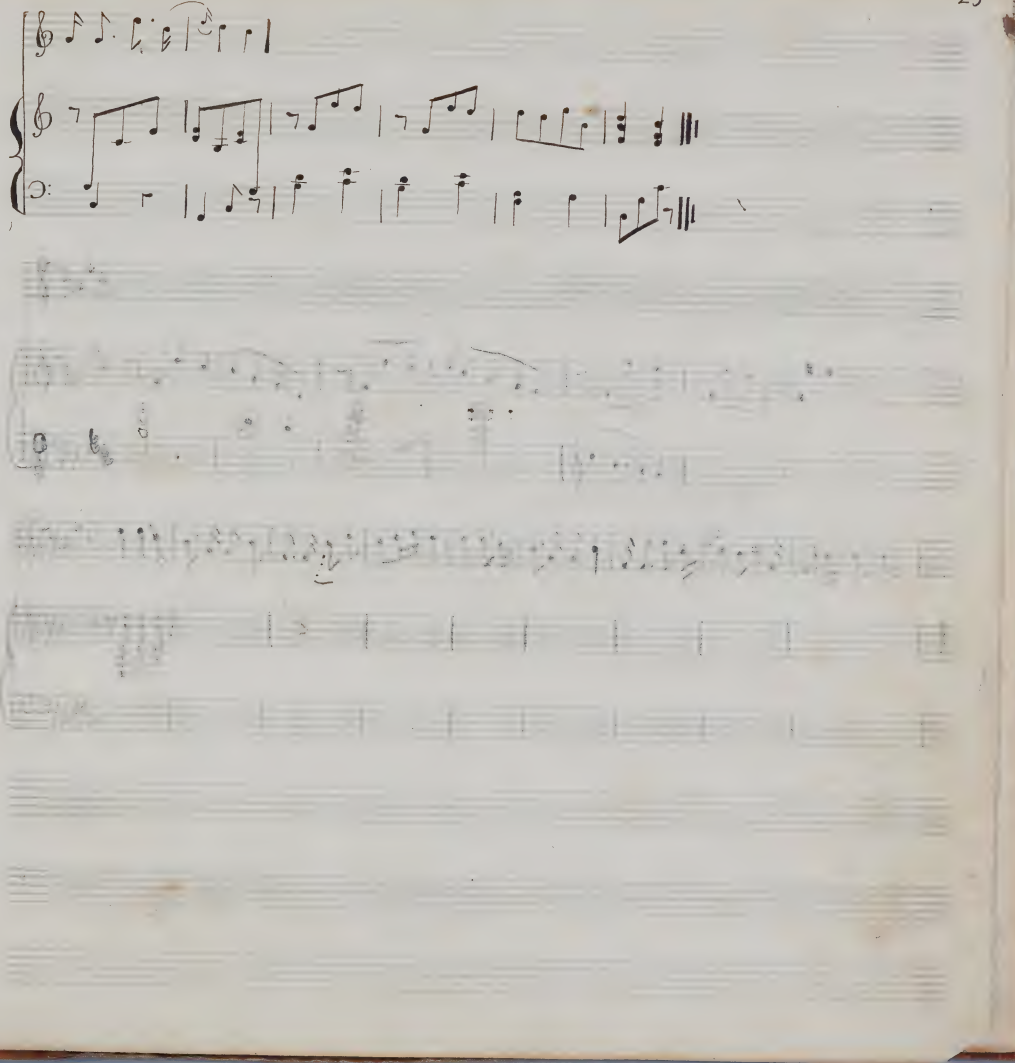


Blue Eyed Mary.

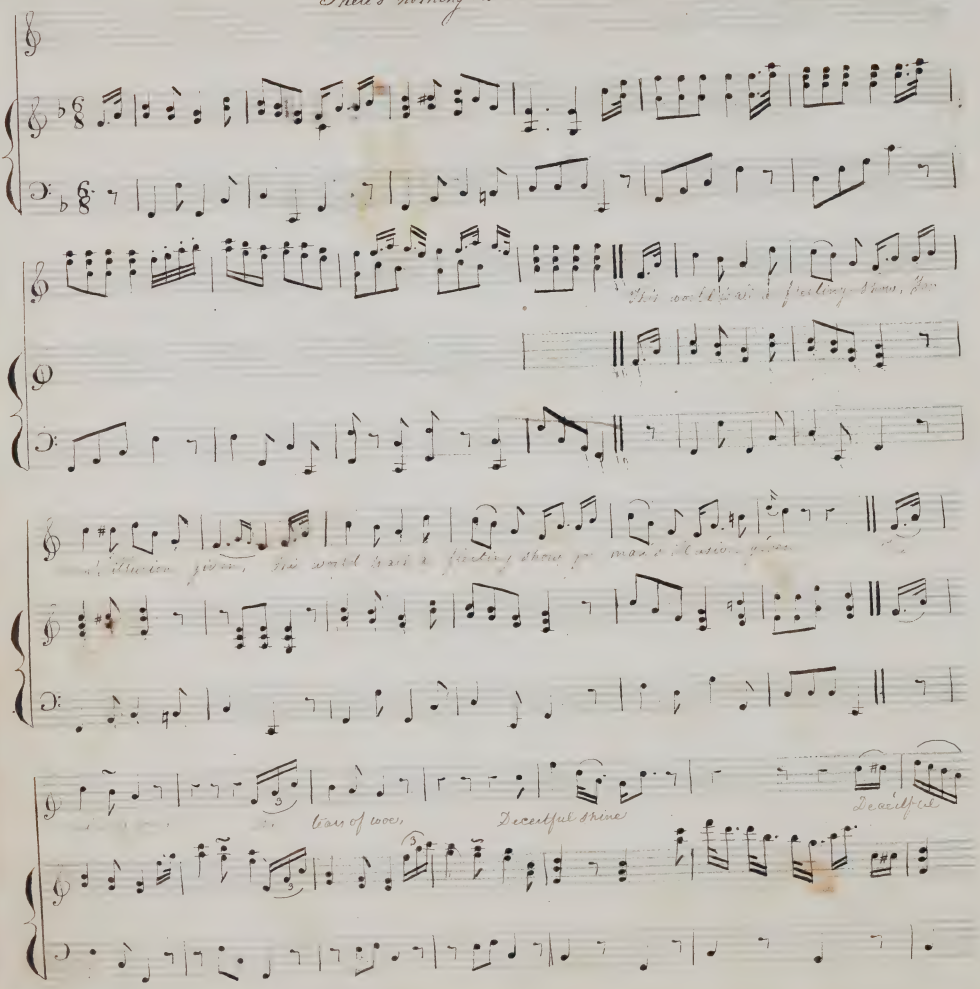


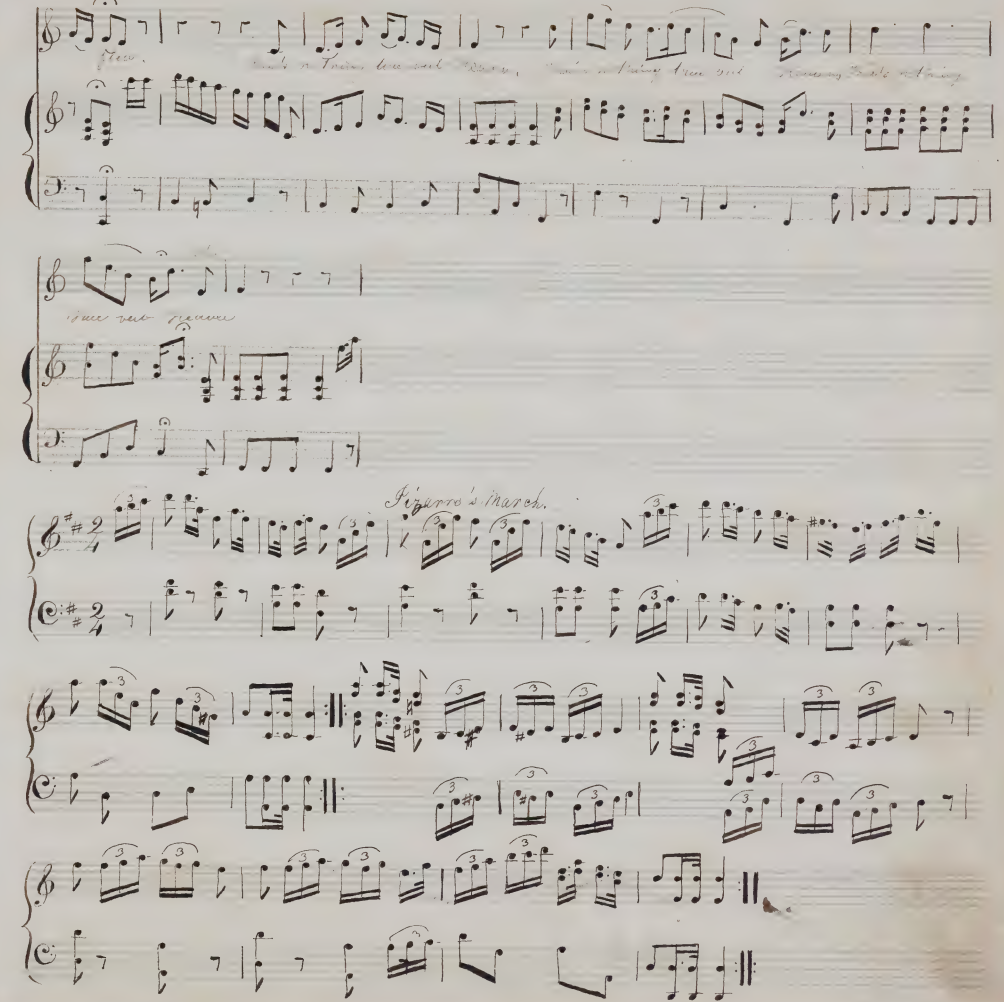
Ye in the Stilly Night.



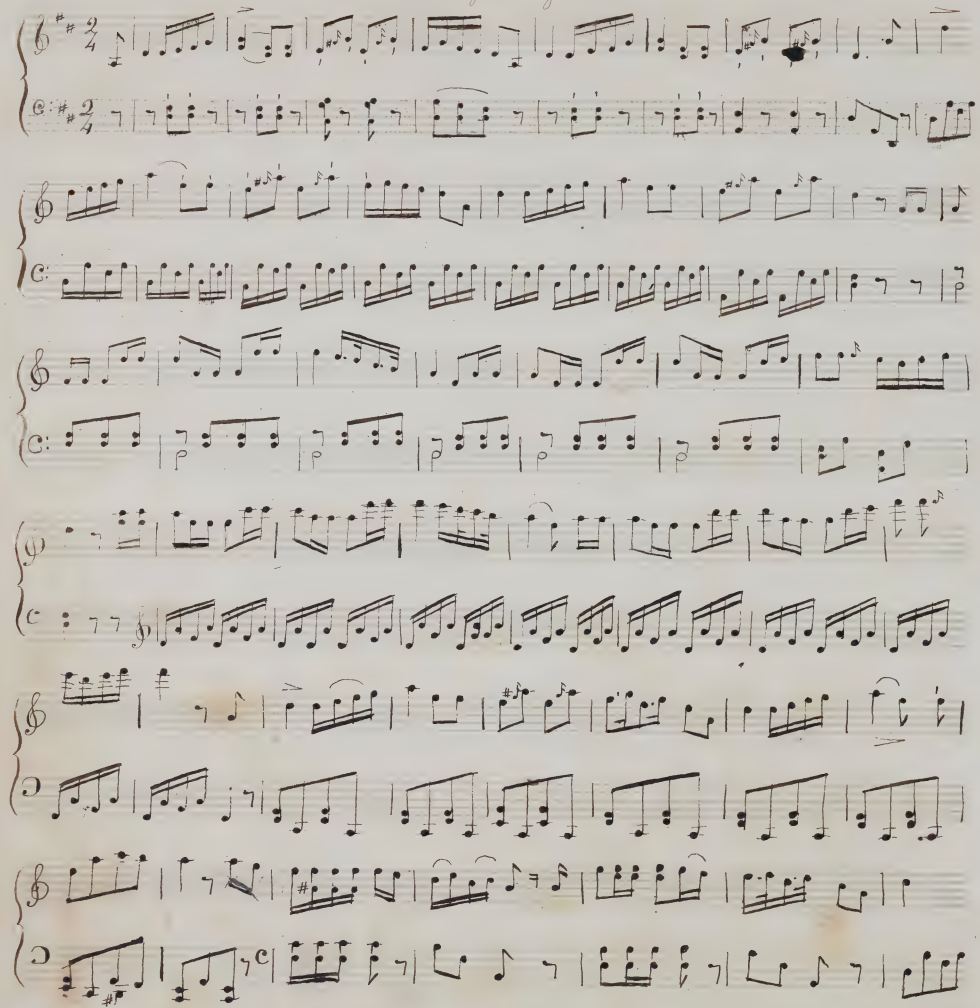


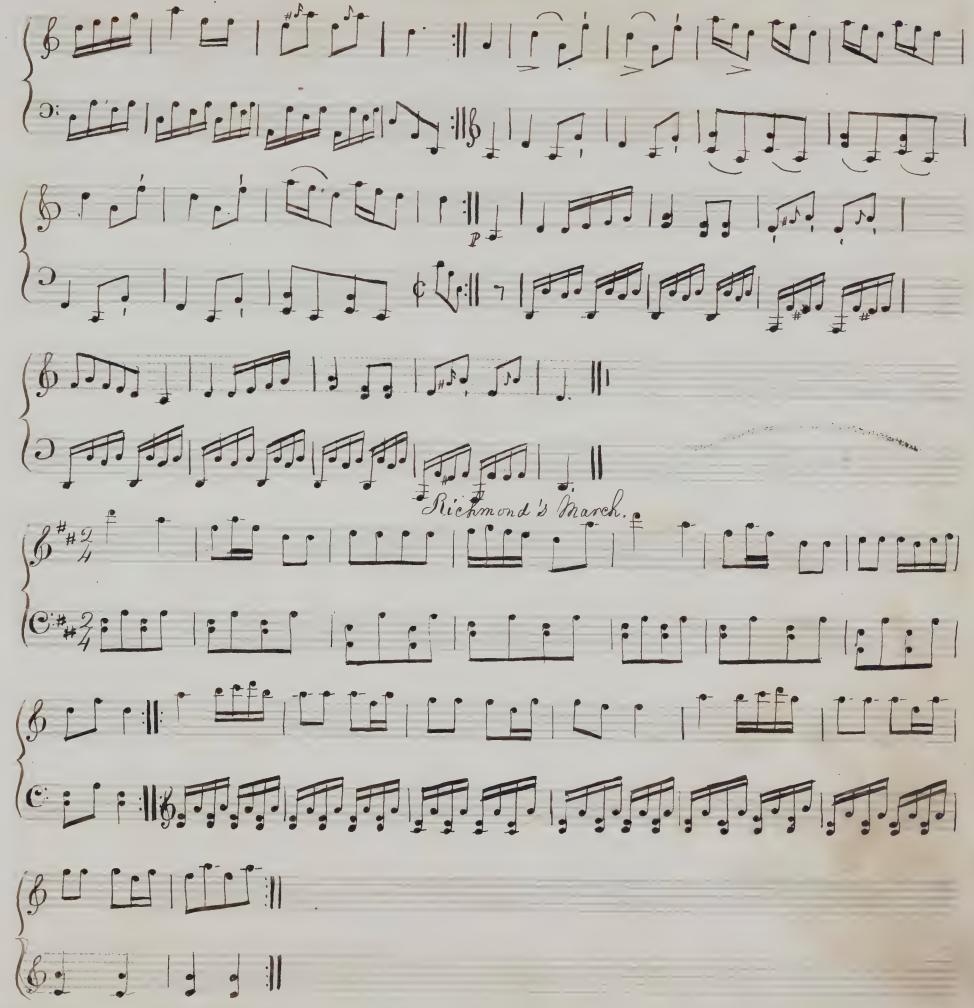
There's nothing true but Heaven.


This world but a fleeting show, &c.
This world but a fleeting show for man's illusion given.
vale of woe,
Deceitful shine
Deceitful


flow.
There's nothing true but Heaven.
There's nothing true but Heaven, Nothing Earth nothing
There's nothing true but Heaven
Figaro's March.

Weber's Grand Jager Chaus.





"Since then I'm doomed," with Variations."

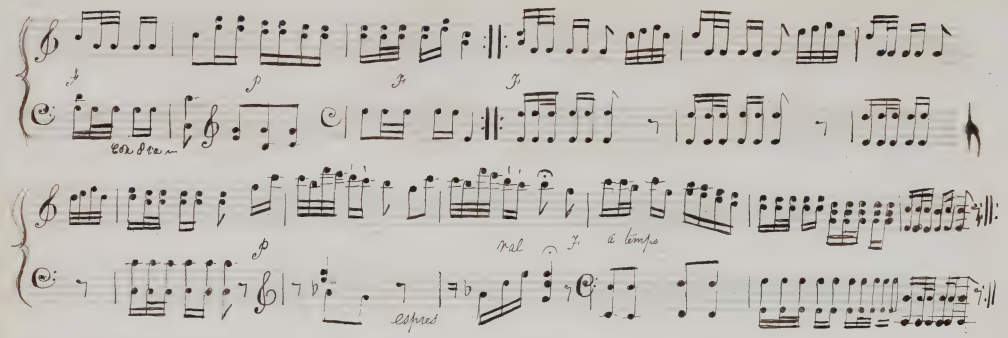
Var. 1.

Variation 4.

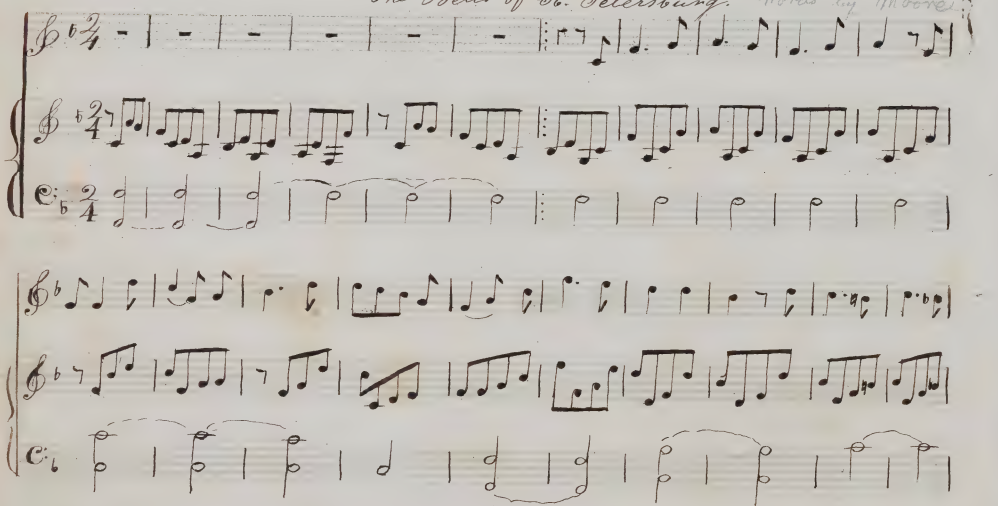
Variation 5.

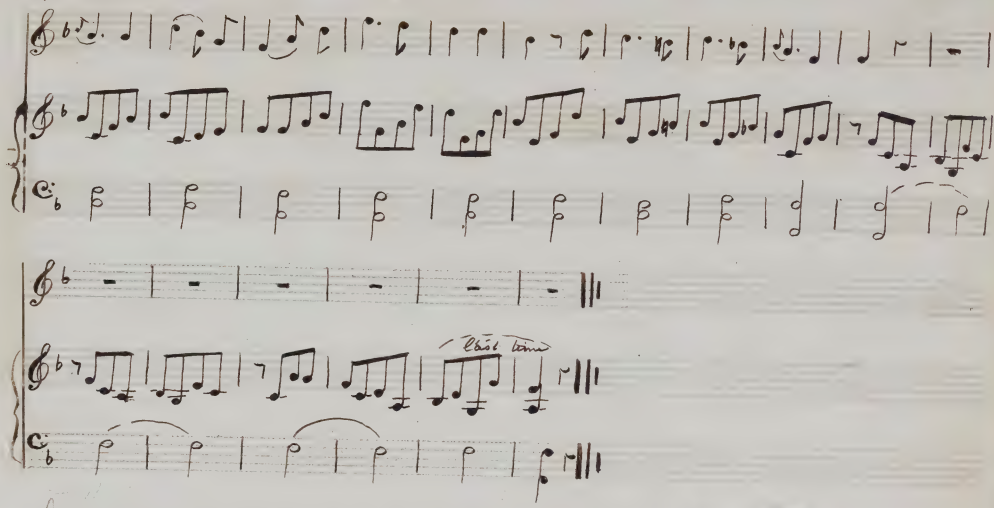
Marcia.

Con 8 vas



The Bells of St. Petersburg. Words by Moore





Marseilles Hymn.

Allons enfans de la patrie

Ye sons of France awake to glory

Allegro Moderato

Le jour de gloire est arrivé.

Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise! Your children, wives and grandsires hoary, Behold their tears and hear their

Contre nous de la tyrannie

L'Etendart sanglant est le-

Entendez vous dans les campagnes, Mugir ces feroces

Behold their ears and hear their cries Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding, With hateful hireling hosts

-vé

L'Etendart sanglant est levé.

cries

Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras

Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras égorger nos fils compagnes

Aux armes Citoyens! formez vos bataillons! Marchez, marchez qu'un sang im-

Ye arms to arms ye brave. Th'avenging sword unsheath March on! March on, all hearts resolved

pur: a-breuve nos sillons Marchons, Marchons, qu'un sang impur a-breuve

On victory, or death. March on, March on, All hearts resolved On victory

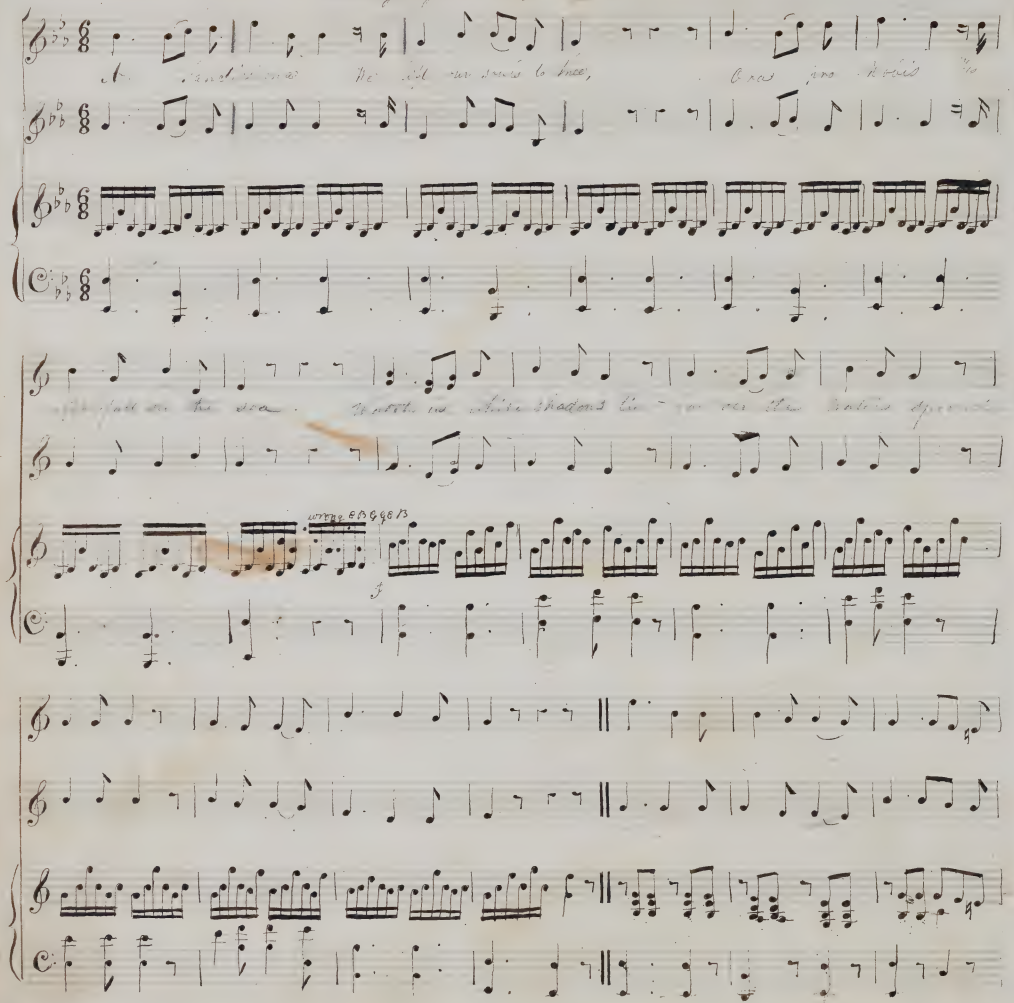
nos sillons

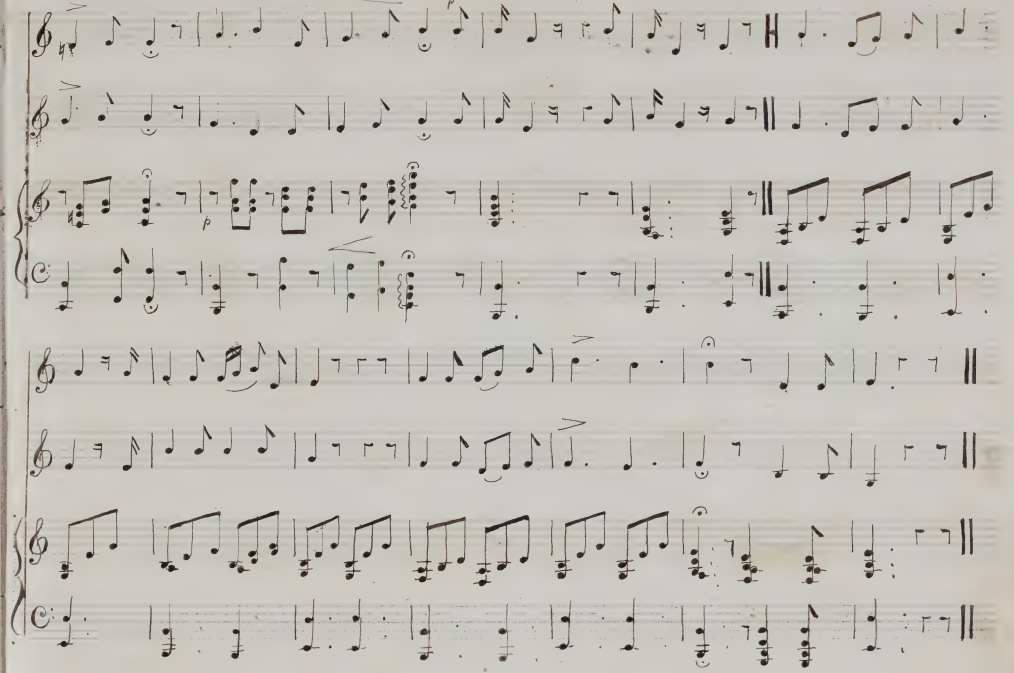
nos sillons

or death!

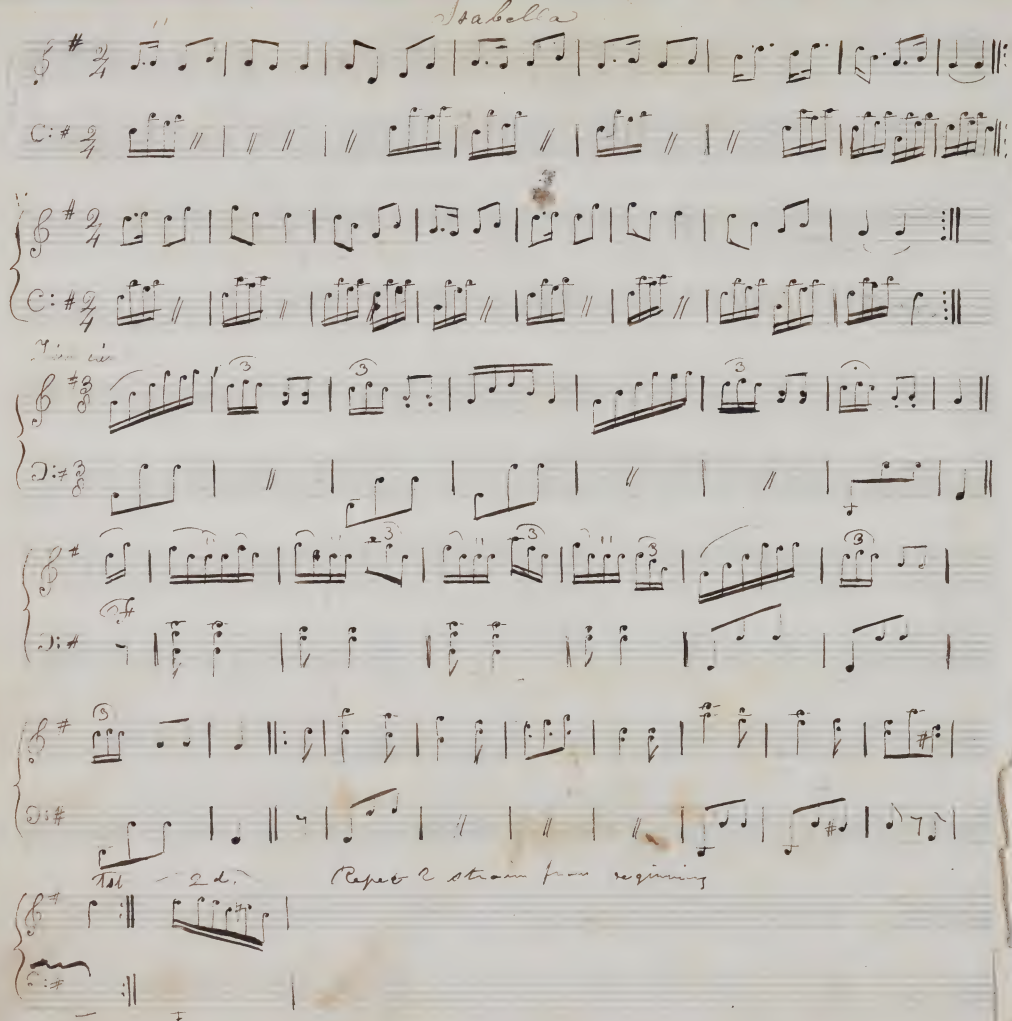
Coda. ad. lib.

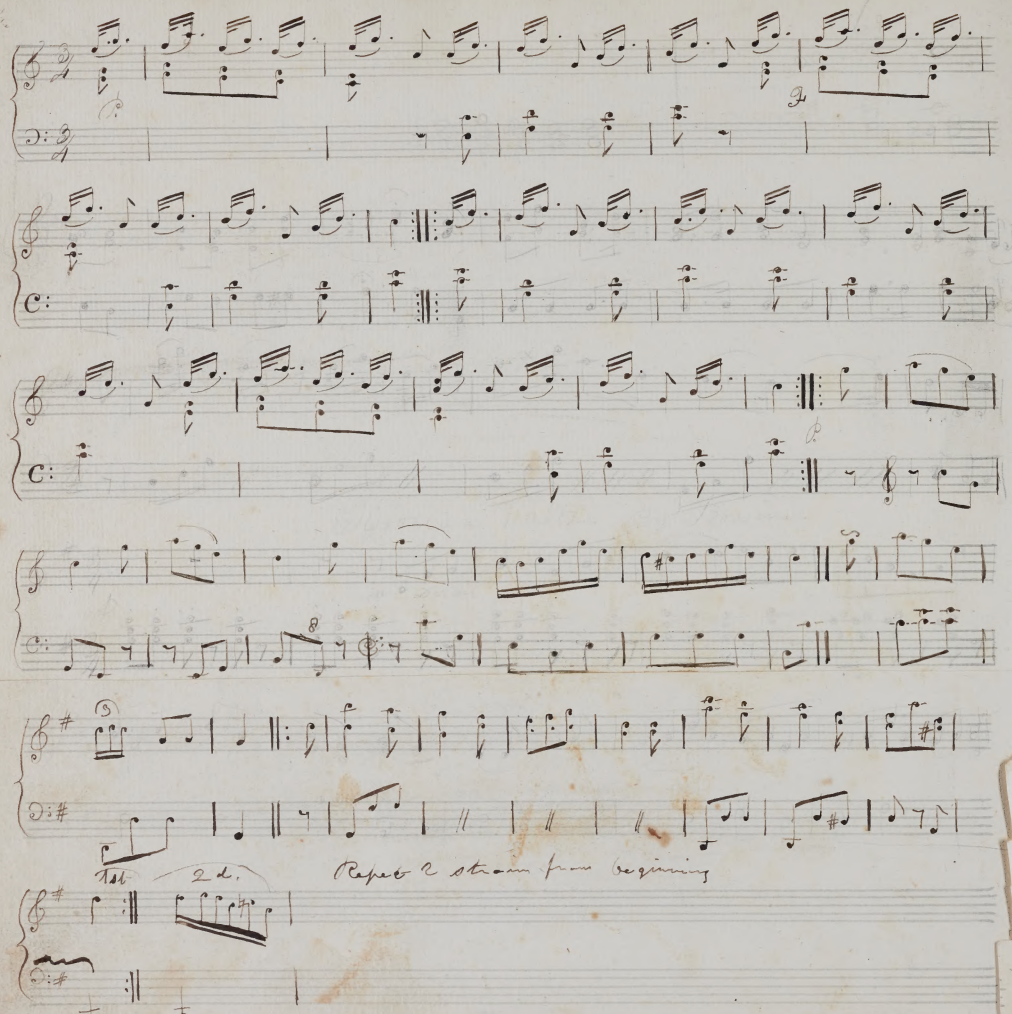
Evening Song to the Virgin at Sea.

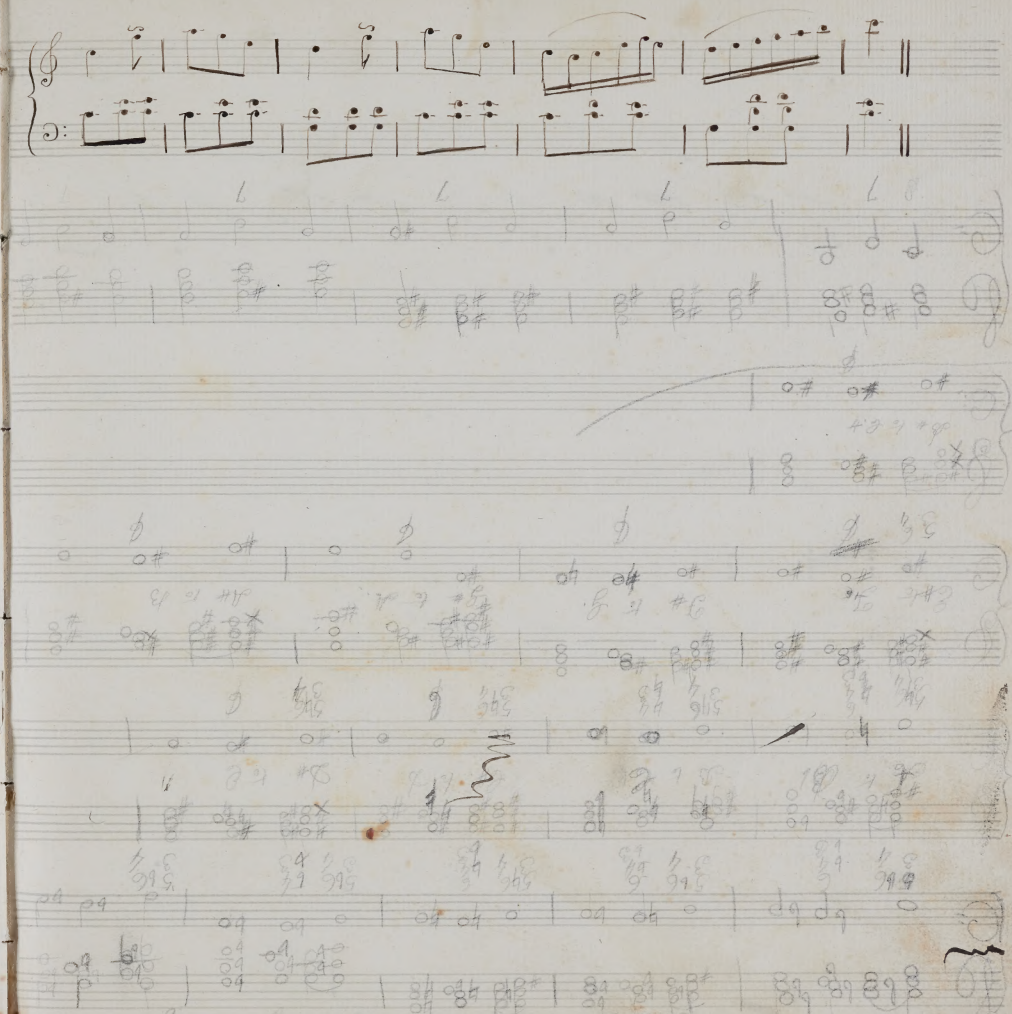




Isabella




1st
2d.
Repeat 2 staves from beginning



A Fisherman Rowed his Boat. O. Pescator del Onda.

Secondo

Prima

O Pescator dell onda Fidelin. A Pescator dell onda Fidelin. Vie-

A Fisherman rowed his boat, over the sea A Fisherman rowed his boat over the sea, do it

ni pescor in gua colla bella Barcarolla bella sine va Fidelin lin la. Vie

glides along softly oh softly softly softly softly came the song, of the mermaids glee as it

ni pescor in yua colla colla bella Barcarolla bella sen va Fidelin lin la.

glides along softly oh softly softly softly came the song of the mermaids glee

Secondo

Primo

O Pescator

A Fisherman

ni pescar in yon

glides along soft

ni pescar in yon

glides along softly